

S. L. Harris, Jr.

# THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY

NEW SERIES.—VOL. 7, NO. 31.

RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 13, 1861.

WHOLE NUMBER 819.

## THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

The Sentinel is published every Wednesday, at Ravenna, Portage county, Ohio, by JAMES W. SOMERVILLE.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**  
Per annum, payable in advance, \$1.50.  
Six months, .75.  
Three months, .40.  
No paper sent until payment is received.  
A full year's subscription at the expiration of the time subscribed for will be considered a new engagement.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**  
One square, (11 lines), 30c.  
Two squares, 50c.  
Three squares, 75c.  
Four squares, 1.00.  
Five squares, 1.25.  
Six squares, 1.50.  
Seven squares, 1.75.  
Eight squares, 2.00.  
Nine squares, 2.25.  
Ten squares, 2.50.  
Eleven squares, 2.75.  
Twelve squares, 3.00.  
Thirteen squares, 3.25.  
Fourteen squares, 3.50.  
Fifteen squares, 3.75.  
Sixteen squares, 4.00.  
Seventeen squares, 4.25.  
Eighteen squares, 4.50.  
Nineteen squares, 4.75.  
Twenty squares, 5.00.  
Over twenty lines and less than three months, 50c. per square.  
Over three months and less than six months, 40c. per square.  
Over six months and less than nine months, 30c. per square.  
Over nine months and less than a year, 25c. per square.  
Special notices exceeding eight lines, 50c. per square.  
Special notices exceeding twelve lines, 75c. per square.  
Special notices exceeding sixteen lines, 1.00 per square.  
Special notices exceeding twenty lines, 1.25 per square.  
Special notices exceeding twenty-four lines, 1.50 per square.  
Special notices exceeding twenty-eight lines, 1.75 per square.  
Special notices exceeding thirty-two lines, 2.00 per square.  
Special notices exceeding thirty-six lines, 2.25 per square.  
Special notices exceeding forty lines, 2.50 per square.  
Special notices exceeding forty-four lines, 2.75 per square.  
Special notices exceeding forty-eight lines, 3.00 per square.  
Special notices exceeding fifty-two lines, 3.25 per square.  
Special notices exceeding fifty-six lines, 3.50 per square.  
Special notices exceeding sixty lines, 3.75 per square.  
Special notices exceeding sixty-four lines, 4.00 per square.  
Special notices exceeding sixty-eight lines, 4.25 per square.  
Special notices exceeding七十二 lines, 4.50 per square.  
Special notices exceeding七十六 lines, 4.75 per square.  
Special notices exceeding八十 lines, 5.00 per square.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**ALPHONSO HART.**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office in Seymour's Block, over Peck & Brothers' store, Ravenna, Ohio, January 4, 1861.

**J. L. & H. C. RANNEY.**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Office on Main street, second door west of the bank, Ravenna, Ohio.

**P. B. CONANT.**  
Attorney at Law, Office No. 3 Phoenix Block Ravenna, Ohio.

**LUTHER DAY.**  
Attorney at Law, Office in Phoenix Block, Main street, second door west of the bank, Ravenna, Ohio, March 17, 1861.

**M. W. MCCLURE.**  
Attorney at Law, Office in Phoenix Block, Main street, second door west of the bank, Ravenna, Ohio, March 24, 1861.

**MCCLURE & SPALDING.**  
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office over Robinson, King & Co., No. 1 Phoenix Block, March 24, 1861.

**T. B. TAYLOR.**  
Attorney and Counselors at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phoenix Block, over Coffin & Plummer's store, Oct. 21, 1861.

**G. F. BROWN.**  
Attorney and Counselors at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phoenix Block, directly over the store of A. G. Coffin & Co., Ravenna, Ohio, Feb. 24, 1861.

**MICHAEL STUART.**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law and Notary Public, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in the east end of the large brick block, over B. Bradshaw's Grocery Store. He deals, negotiates and has legal instruments carefully and plainly drawn or acknowledged. Penalties and Land Warrants obtained. April 13, 1861.

**C. S. LEONARD, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence on the east side and east end of Main street, Ravenna, Ohio, July 11, 1861.

**A. BELDING, M. D.**  
Physician and Surgeon. Office over D. K. Wheeler's drug store, opposite the Court House, on Main street, Ravenna, Ohio, November 23, 1861.

**G. W. ESSIG.**  
Mason, Plasterer and Carpenter. He is prepared to perform all kinds of work in his line on short notice and on reasonable terms. White-washing, etc., he may be found at his residence on Chestnut st. Ravenna, April 18, 1861.

**BAIRD & WAIT.**  
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc., at No. 2 Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

**H. L. DAY.**  
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., No. 2 Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

**J. P. GREEN.**  
Dealer in Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Ladies' Furnishings, etc., No. 3 Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

**JOHN C. BEATTY.**  
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., No. 3 Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

**VANCE & HINMAN.**  
Dealers in Furniture, Upholstery, Pictures, Looking Glasses, etc., No. 7 Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

**L. W. HALL & SON.**  
Dealers in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, etc., Goods, etc., Druggists, etc., Ravenna, Ohio.

**D. W. GOSS & BRO.**  
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, etc., Edinburg, Portage co., Ohio.

**POE & BROTHER.**  
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, etc., north side of public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

**STREATOR, DAILY & CO.**  
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, etc., Shaker's Block, Portage county, Ohio.

**CURTIS HATCH.**  
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, together with Pianos, etc., No. 6 Phoenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

**CHARLES E. SWIFT.**  
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, north side of public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

**WILLIAM FRAZER.**  
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Saddlery, etc., Wheeler's Block, directly opposite the Court House, Main st., Ravenna, Ohio.

**R. B. WITTER.**  
Sole, Business and Truck Manufacturer, three door east of Phoenix Block Main street, Ravenna, Ohio.

**E. G. RUSSELL.**  
Sign and Ornamental Painter and Glazier. Carved letters, etc., on wood and plaster. Send plates of designs and patterns with measures and dimensions. Shop one building west of the Democrat office, upstairs.

**A. T. SWIFT'S DRUG STORE.**  
Sole and Ornamental Painter and Glazier. Carved letters, etc., on wood and plaster. Send plates of designs and patterns with measures and dimensions. Shop one building west of the Democrat office, upstairs.

**SWIFT'S DRUG STORE.**  
Sole and Ornamental Painter and Glazier. Carved letters, etc., on wood and plaster. Send plates of designs and patterns with measures and dimensions. Shop one building west of the Democrat office, upstairs.

**SWIFT'S DRUG STORE.**  
Sole and Ornamental Painter and Glazier. Carved letters, etc., on wood and plaster. Send plates of designs and patterns with measures and dimensions. Shop one building west of the Democrat office, upstairs.

**SWIFT'S DRUG STORE.**  
Sole and Ornamental Painter and Glazier. Carved letters, etc., on wood and plaster. Send plates of designs and patterns with measures and dimensions. Shop one building west of the Democrat office, upstairs.

**SWIFT'S DRUG STORE.**  
Sole and Ornamental Painter and Glazier. Carved letters, etc., on wood and plaster. Send plates of designs and patterns with measures and dimensions. Shop one building west of the Democrat office, upstairs.

**SWIFT'S DRUG STORE.**  
Sole and Ornamental Painter and Glazier. Carved letters, etc., on wood and plaster. Send plates of designs and patterns with measures and dimensions. Shop one building west of the Democrat office, upstairs.

**SWIFT'S DRUG STORE.**  
Sole and Ornamental Painter and Glazier. Carved letters, etc., on wood and plaster. Send plates of designs and patterns with measures and dimensions. Shop one building west of the Democrat office, upstairs.

**SWIFT'S DRUG STORE.**  
Sole and Ornamental Painter and Glazier. Carved letters, etc., on wood and plaster. Send plates of designs and patterns with measures and dimensions. Shop one building west of the Democrat office, upstairs.

**SWIFT'S DRUG STORE.**  
Sole and Ornamental Painter and Glazier. Carved letters, etc., on wood and plaster. Send plates of designs and patterns with measures and dimensions. Shop one building west of the Democrat office, upstairs.

## Poetical.

### Heart Deaths.

Hearts die the bitter death, before  
The breath is breathed away,  
And number weary twilight e'er,  
The last evening gray.

I've sometimes looked on blood-stained eyes,  
And folded hands of snow,  
And said, "It was no sacrifice,  
The heart went long ago."

### The Father Coming Home.

What more cheering, when the day  
And the labor are all o'er,  
Than to see your father come home,  
With his hat and his sword?

Wife comes smiling to the door—  
Children down the lane to meet me.  
Run, "the father coming home!"  
Bab' claps its hands to greet me.

Echoes love, and joy, and gladness,  
Chasing off each thought of care,  
Far dispelling gloom and sadness,  
If the good wife be there.

## Miscellaneous.

### Recreation.

"Recreation" is one of the best abused words in the English language. How absurd the applications that are made of it!—As he who has been crooked like an iron rod, over some heavy book or other, goes solemnly out and cuts a quarter of a cord of wood with a dull saw.

Strengthening up like a note of exclamation, he returns to his affectionate friends and announces that he has been indulging in "recreation!" That is, he has been making himself over, and has the sweet assurance that he is another and a better man, in the name and by the virtue of—sawing wood!

Just as if the evil spirit of dullness would go out of a man into a saw or a growing woodpile; just as if he could sunder the thread of his thought with the small round sticks he cut in two.

Those who break away, now and then, from sedentary pursuits, let themselves down into long boots and go hunting, do not always get precisely what they go for, but the cheerfulness, the life, the mental elasticity they come back with, are worth more than the power they waste. A real tired ache is sometimes a luxury; it gives a new value to rest and puts more than one feather into a hard pillow.

Some men's heads are full of cute and clever ideas, every one of them "a treat to a pupil" with one quill. Now put such a man on a high trotting horse; a fox, or if nothing nobler, a prize wheel, in the distance; and ten miles to catch him in, and those quill angles will be so tossed about and rattled, that you can handle any one of his ideas without gloves.

A good shaking has been known to rattle out an atom of knowledge that rolled away, like a bead from a broken string, into some dark corner of a man's mind, and had been there, up for lost. We believe it was Tom Moore, whose verse came to a three days halt for want of a word. A rude jolt in a through-going vehicle shook the missing syllable out into the light, and so the enigmatic verse folded up its tent, and moved musically on.

"Exercise" is something more than work; it is working out; and the most natural question in the world, waits answer to of what? Who, out of the old round of a man's thinking; out of the mental strength jacket; out of the shell of self. "Amusements," "diversion," "relaxation," as any respectable dictionary will tell you, convey, and most admirably, the exact doctrine: if you want to be recreated, and be "brant new," run away from yourself. Be a fugitive from the Muse, that is, from sober study, counsel, "amuse" it, turn aside from the old path, indulge in "divert" it, leap out of yourself, urge "exult;" at least be lifted out of pleats "relate" if you are too lazy to leap.

Such words, if one will listen to them as we are as a whole armful of "Physiologies." They involve the precept and tell you how to practice it.

Some one has said, and well said, that Gray's young man of whom "some hoary-headed swain" says:  
Hard by his way, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove—  
Now drooping, wearied, like one forlorn,  
Or creased with care, or crossed in hopeless love,  
Would not have been missed one more—"on the accustomed hill," if he had understood the true philosophy of recreation. Neither would his digestive organs have been in good working order:

"And melancholy marked him for her own."  
—Chicago Journal.

### A Stranger at Court.

A man who had never been inside of a court house, until in one of the District Courts sitting last fall in the northern part of the State, being sworn, he took his position with his back to the jury, and began telling his story to the Judge. Judge R— in his bland and courteous manner, said, "Address yourself to the jury, sir." The man making a short pause, but not comprehending what was said to him, continued his narrative. His Honor was more explicit, and said to him, "Speak to the jury, sir—the men sitting behind you on the benches." The witness then turned around, and making an awkward bow, said with great gravity, "Good morning gentlemen!"

Forbearance is a domestic jewel.

## The Iron Vault.

### A Story of the Past.

STORY OF A SAN FRANCISCO LOCKSMITH.

I am a Locksmith by trade. My calling is a strange one, and possesses a certain fascination, rendering it one of the most agreeable of pursuits. Many who follow it, but labor—think of nothing but its returns in gold and silver. To me it has other charms than the money it produces. I am called upon almost daily, to open doors and peer into long neglected apartments; to spring the stubborn locks of safes, and gloat upon the treasure piled therein; to quietly enter the apartments of the ladies with more beauty than discretion, and pick the locks of drawers containing peace destroying misdeeds; to search for the evidence of a man's dereliction may not reach the eye of a husband, or father, in possession of a key; to force the fastenings of cash boxes, and depositories of records, telling of men made suddenly rich, of corporations plundered, of orphans robbed, of hopes crushed, of families ruined. Is there no charm in all this?—no food for speculation—no scope for the range of pleasant fancy? Then who would not be a locksmith, though his face be begrimed with the soot of the forge, and his hands are stained with rust.

But I have a story to tell—not exactly a story, either—for a story implies the completion as well as the beginning of a narrative—and mine is scarcely more than an introduction to one. Let him who deals in things of fancy, write the rest. In the spring of 1856—I think it was in April—I opened a little shop on Kearney street, and soon worked myself into a fair business. Late one evening a lady closely veiled, entered my shop, and pulling from beneath a cloak a small japanned box requested me to open it. The lock was curiously constructed, and I was all of an hour in fitting it with a key. The lady seemed nervous at the delay, and at length requested me to shut the door. I was a little surprised at the suggestion, but of course complied. Shutting the door and returning to my work, the lady withdrew her veil, disclosing as sweet a face as can well be imagined. There was a restlessness in the eye and a pillar in the cheek, however, which plainly told of a heart ill at ease, and in a moment every emotion for her had given place to that of pity.

"Perhaps you are not well, madam, and the night air is too chilly," said I rather inquisitively.

I felt a rebuke at her reply. "In requesting you to close the door, I had no other object than to escape the attention of passers." I did not reply, but thoughtfully continued my work. She resumed: "That little box contains valuable papers—private papers—and I have lost the key, or it has been stolen. I should not wish to have you remember that I ever came here on such an errand," she continued, with some hesitation, and giving me a look which it was no difficult matter to understand.

"Certainly, madam, if you desire it. I cannot forget your face, I will at least attempt to lose the recollection of seeing it here."

The lady bowed rather coldly at what I considered a fine compliment, and I proceeded with my work, satisfied that a sudden discovery of partiality for me had nothing to do with the visit. Having succeeded at last in my task, I was seized with the curiosity to get a glimpse at the precious contents of the box, and suddenly raising the lid, discovered a bundle of letters, and a Daguerotype, as I slowly passed the box to its owner. She seized it hurriedly, and placing the letters and picture in her pocket, locked the box, and drawing the veil over her face, pointed to the door. I opened it, and she passed into the street, she merely whispered "Remember!" We met again, and I have been thus particular in describing her visit to the shop, to render probable a subsequent recognition.

About 2 o'clock in the morning, in the latter part of May following, I was awake by a gentle tap upon the window of the shop in which I lodged. Thinking of burglars I sprang out of bed, and in a moment was at the window, with a heavy hammer in my hand, which I usually kept at that time within convenient reach of my bedside.

"Who's there?" I inquired raising the hammer and peering into the darkness—for it was as dark as Egypt when under the curse of Israel's God.

"Halt!" exclaimed a figure stepping in front of the window; "open the door I have business for you."

"Rather past business hours, I should say; but who are you?"

"No one that would harm you," returned the voice, which I imagined was rather feminine for a burglar.

"Nor no one that can!" I replied rather emphatically, by way of warning, as I tightened my grip upon the hammer, and proceeded to the door. I pushed back the bolt and slowly opened the door, discovered the stranger already upon the steps.

"What do you want?" I abruptly inquired.

"I will tell you," replied the same soft voice, "if you dare open the door wide enough for me to enter."

"Come in," said I, resolutely throwing the door ajar, and proceeding to light a candle. Having succeeded, I turned to examine the visitor. He was a small and neatly dressed gentleman, with a heavy Russian around his shoulders, and a blue wax cap

drawn suspiciously over the eyes. As I advanced towards him, he hesitated a moment, and then raised the cap from his forehead, and looked me cautiously in the face. I did not drop the candle, but I acknowledge a little nervousness as I hastily placed the light upon the table, and silently proceeded to invest myself with two or three very necessary articles of clothing. As the lordly, my visitor was a lady, and the same for whom I had opened a little box about a month before. Having completed my hasty toilet, I attempted to stammer an apology for my rudeness, but utterly failed. The fact, I was conscious, was—

"Smiling at my discomfort, she said: 'Disguise is useless; I presume you recognize me?'"

"I believe I do, madam, I should not soon forget your face. In what way can I serve you?"

"By doing half an hour's work before day to-morrow morning, and receiving five hundred dollars for your labor," was the reply.

"It is not ordinary work," said I inquiringly, "that commands so munificent a compensation."

"It is a labor common to your calling," returned the lady. "The price is not so much for the labor as the condition under which it must be performed."

"And what is the condition?" I inquired.

"That you will submit to being conveyed from and to your own door blindfolded."

Idea of murder, burglary, and almost every other crime to villainy, hurriedly presented themselves in succession, as I politely bowed, and said: I must understand something more of the character of the employment, as well as the conditions to accept your offer."

"Will not five hundred dollars answer in lieu of an explanation?" she inquired.

"No—five thousand."

She patted her foot nervously on the floor. I could see that she had placed entirely too low an estimate on my honesty, and I felt some gratification in being able to convince her of this fact.

"Well then, if it is absolutely necessary for me to explain," she replied, "I must tell you that you are required to pick the lock of a vault, and—"

"You have gone quite far enough, madam, with the explanation," I interrupted, "I am at your service."

"As I said," she continued, "you are required to pick the lock of a vault and rescue from death a man who has been confined there three days."

"To whom does the vault belong?" I inquired.

"My husband," was the somewhat reluctant reply.

"Then why so much secrecy or, rather, how came a man confined in such a place?"

"I secreted him there to escape the observation of my husband. He suspected as much, and closed the door upon him. Presuming he had left the vault and quitted the house by the back door, I did not dream, until to-day, that he was confined there. Certain suspicious acts of my husband this afternoon convinced me that the man is there, beyond human hearing, and will be starved to death by my barbarous husband unless immediately rescued. For three days he has not left the house. I 'drugged' him less than an hour ago, and he is now so completely stupefied that the lock may be picked without his interference. I have searched his pockets but cannot find the key; hence my application to you. Now you know all about it; will you accompany me?"

"To the end of the world, madam, on such an errand."

"Then prepare yourself; there is a cab waiting at the door."

I was a little surprised, for I had not heard the sound of wheels. Hastily drawing on a coat, and providing myself with the requisite implements, I was soon at the door. There, sure enough, was a cab, with the driver in his seat, ready for the mysterious journey. I entered the vehicle followed by the lady. As soon as I was seated, she produced a heavy handkerchief, which, by the faint light of an adjacent street lamp, she carefully bound round my eyes. The lady seated herself beside me, and the cab started. In half an hour the vehicle stopped—in what part of the city I am entirely ignorant—as it was evidently driven in anything but a direct course from the point of starting.

Examining the bandage, to see that my vision was completely obscured, the lady handed me a bundle of tools with which I was provided, then taking me by the arm led me through the gate into the house which I know was a brick, and after taking me along the passage way which could not have been less than fifty feet in length, and down a flight of stairs into what was evidently an underground basement, stopped beside a vault, and removed the handkerchief from my eyes.

"Here is the vault—open it," said she, springing the door of a dark lantern, and throwing a beam of light upon the lock.

I seized a bunch of keys and after a few trials, which the lady seemed to watch with the most painful anxiety, sprang the bolt.

The door swung upon its hinges, and my companion, telling me not to close it, as it was self locking, sprang into the vault. I did not follow. I heard a murmur of low voices within, and the next moment the lady re-appeared, and leaning upon her arm a man, with face so pale and haggard, that I started at the sight. How he must have suffered during the three long days of his confinement in the vault!

"Remain here," said she, handing me the lantern; "and I will be back in a moment."

The two slowly ascended the stairs, and I heard them enter a room immediately above where I was standing. In less than a minute the lady returned.

"Shall I close the door?" said I, placing my hand upon the door of the vault.

"No! no!" she exclaimed, hastily seizing my arm; "it awaits another occupant!"

"Madam, you certainly do not intend to—"

"Are you ready?" she interrupted, impatiently, holding the handkerchief before my eyes. The thought flashed across my mind that she intended to push me into the vault, and bury me and my secret together. She seemed to read the suspicion, and continued:

"Do not be alarmed. You are not the man!"

"I could not mistake the truth or the fearful meaning of the remark, and I shuddered as I bent my head to the handkerchief. My eyes were so carefully bandaged as before, and I was led to the cab, and thence driven home by a more circuitous route, than the one by which we came. Arriving in front of the house the handkerchief was removed and I stepped from the vehicle. A purse of five hundred dollars was placed in my hand, and in a moment the cab and its mysterious occupant had turned the corner and were out of sight.

I entered the shop, and the purse of gold was the only evidence I could summon in my bewilderment, that all I had just done and witnessed was not a dream.

A month after that I saw the lady and gentleman, taken from the vault, leisurely walking along Montgomery street. I do not know, but I believe the sleeping husband, awake within the vault, and his bones are there to-day! The wife is still a resident of San Francisco.

### An Irishman's Testimony.

We have a friend we call Major—a gallant member of the National Guard—the proprietor of a first-rate saloon on Chestnut street—a handsome, witty, big headed fellow, whose nature is like unto a brick."

The major has a most happy knack of telling anecdotes, and as Providence blessed him by filling his veins with Irish blood, he can excel Barney Williams in the brioque and peculiar manner of the "illegan plinty."

A short time ago we heard him relate the following, which we will give as near as we can in his own words:

"You know that it is one of the peculiarities of the Irish that when two of them get to quarrelling, all of whom may be present immediately join in, and thus get up a 'nab bit of a row' in the shortest possible notice. A case of this kind occurred down street last week. In one of the little streets running from Broad, lives an Irish family remarkable for their warlike propensities. While at breakfast, the daughter and son, both grown up, got a quarrelling, and the daughter threw a cup of coffee in the brother's face. He retorted with the nearest missile at hand. The mother took the side of the daughter; the father that of the son—and in a moment the fun—like Tom O'Shanter's witches—became 'fast and furious.' The neighbors, (Irish generally) hearing the row, rushed to stop the fight, and in a few moments the fracas culminated by the father stabbing his wife with a carving knife. By this time the police came in and arrested the whole party, including an innocent, ignorant boy trotter, who had been calmly standing in the door, looking on with open mouthed wonder. His arrest frightened him terribly, and the assurance of the officers that they only wanted him for a witness, could not remove his agitation. The whole party were taken to the office of an alderman, and the case was brought up for a hearing. Said the alderman to the witnesses:

"What is your name?"

"Barney Dugan, yer honor."

"Well, Barney, tell what you know about this case."

"I will, yer honor. This mornin' I was taken my bite with Molly—that's the old woman, yer honor—when I heard a divil up a row over at Tim's. I ran to the door, and there I saw the daughter her with a loaf in bread, when the mother, she interferred, and the old man giv her a wip with the coffee-pot, knockin' her back from the table, when she grasped hold of the skillet an' broke it over his head—an' the old man then grasped the carvin' knife from the table an' struck her in the stomach—an' that's all I know about it yer honor."

"Will you swear to this, Barney, asked the Alderman."

"Sure, I will, sir. How shall I swear sure?"

"Why, kiss the book—the Bible; that is the only kind of swearing we permit here."

"An' is it the good book that I must kiss? I'll do that same, sure; but would yer honor jist untie that bit of a string, that I may see if it is the good book, inside?"

"That is hardly necessary," replied the alderman. "I give you my word that the book is the Bible, and that ought to satisfy you, I think."

"Sure it does, sir, but I'd be better satisfied if I saw it wid me eyes for myself. Well, stand back for the present, until we see what the other witnesses have to say."

Barney took a seat on the bench, and the case progressed to a conclusion. It was clear that the woman had been stabbed in the row, but none of the witnesses swore that they saw her stabbed, except Barney. He was, therefore, again called up by the alderman.

"Barney Dugan, you swear positively that you saw the woman stabbed in the fracas?"

"Sur!"

"You swear you saw the prisoner stab the woman in the fracas?" replied the alderman.

"No sur, I didn't say that at all yer honor."

"Why you a moment ago, not only said it, but swore to it. Will you repeat now what you did see?"

"Yes, sir, I will. I saw Tim there, stab the old woman wid a carvin' knife in the stomach, but divil the bit did I see him stab her in the fracas, yer honor."

"This explanation 'upset the gravity' of the court, and it was some moments before the alderman could control his nerves sufficient to bid Barney over to appear at court as a witness—a part of the proceedings which completely disgusted the son of Green Erin.

### Women in Europe.

On the continent of Europe women are very little in esteem. If they are poor, they are looked upon as cattle; if more fortunate born, they are viewed only as means of pampering, and are married only for fashion or convenience. Unfortunately the latter estimation of them is too prevalent with us, but then we never yoke any class of them except with our arms, or put them in the fields except to milk the cows, or to go ploughing after blackberries or daisies. I have seen women on this continent wielding the sickle, the scythe, guiding the plow and carrying on their backs the ordure which was to manure the land, and I have in the same picture seen huge, lusty-looking fellows lying on their backs observing the labor of their weaker helpmates with the most supercilious indifference. The truth is, men are scarce in this meridian, and consequently highly prized. They are continually thinned by wars, and snatched up and marched away by the conscriptions. The result is, that those who are left are very much in the condition of the ten thousand Spartans who were sent back at the intercession of the Lacedaemonians, to attend to the necessities of the population. This view of the case suggests a very strong excuse for the condition of the morals in many military states in Europe. My observation on this state of affairs to an Englishman who sat next to me in the cars, and its comparison with the state of things that exist in the United States on the same subject, drew from him the remark that we spoiled the women in America by too much deference and attention. The observation was true, so I admitted it, but, said I in defence, "The error is not without compensation—in, in spoiling our women we improve ourselves."—Letter to *Woman's Spirit of the Times*.